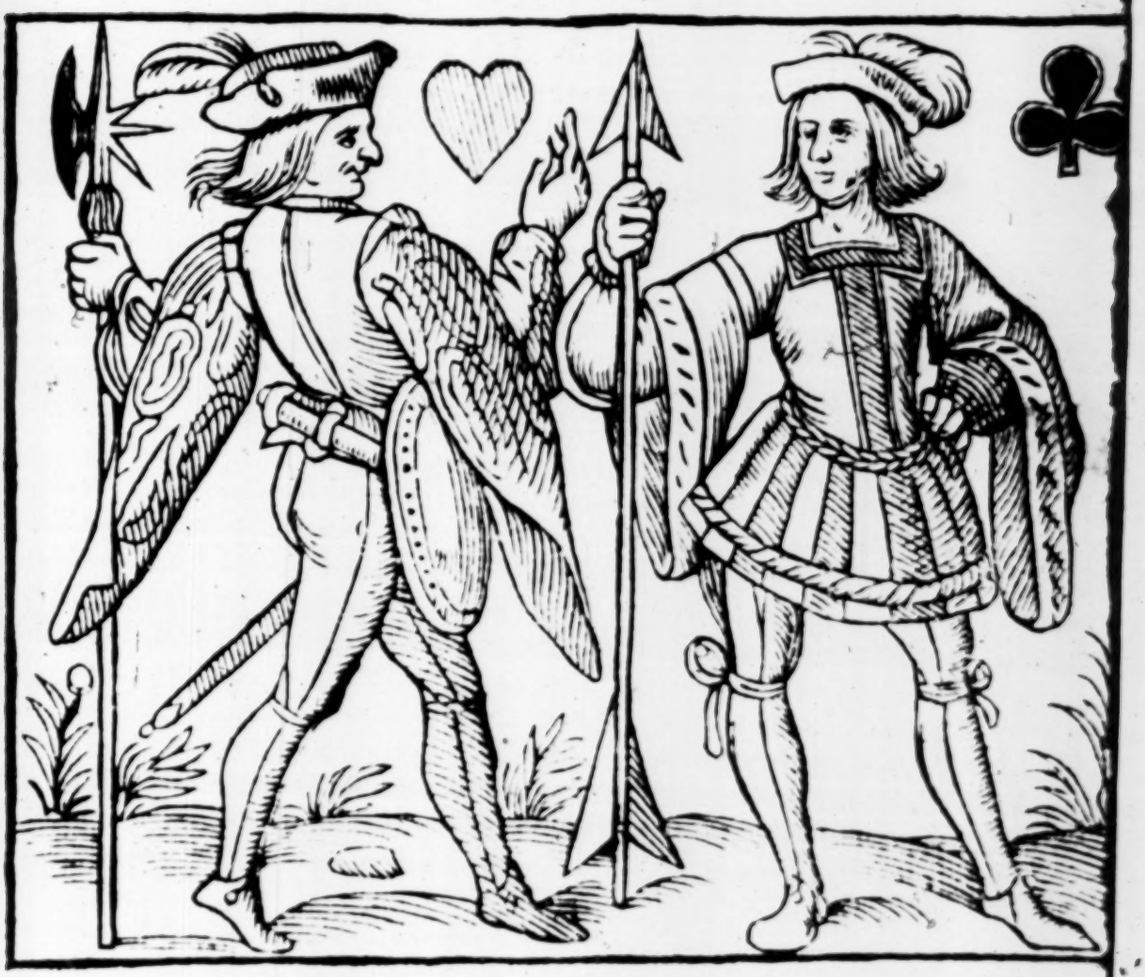
THE KNAVE of Harts.

Haile Fellow. well met.



LONDON
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THE KNAVE OF *HARTS*,
To his three Brethren Knaues.

WEe Knaues (whom all men Knaues doe call)
That ſerue Knaues turnes to play withall,
Imploid for precious *Times* abuſe,
And turn'd to euery Cheaters vſe,
That in the Ale-houſe, day and night,
Cauſe drunken Knaues to brawle, and fight:
Make ſwearing Knaues let damn'd othes flye:
And idle Knaues proue beggers by:
And careleſſe Knaues to ſpend their thrift:
And roguiſh Knaues to ſharke and ſhift:
And cheating Knaues to goe moſt braue:
And fooliſh Knaues loſe all they haue:
And greedy Knaues to vſe falſe play:
And needy Knaues wrong whom they may:
And new-cut Knaues ſhow cut-throat trickes:
And coos'ning Knaues falſe Cardes to mixe.
VVee friends (in tearmes of Knaues rewards)
Are ſingled forth a paire of Cardes

The Knaue of *Harts*.

By one that we muſt yeeld vnto,
VVhoſe office hath with Knaues to doe:
For, he that here their humours writes,
Is kept from ſleepe by Knaues a nights.
Night-walkers, ſuch as ſleepe by day:
And in the night hunt out for pray:
That imitate the Bat and Owle,
Night-Rauen, and ſuch Cat-eyed Fowle.
One childe of darkneſſe ſeekes his Puncke,
Another at his liquor drunke,
By Statute claimes his due (the Stockes:)
Another cloſely picking lockes.
Nouer regarding Hang-mans feare,
Till Tyburne-tiffany he weare:
Others to quarrels them apply,
To get ſome Cloake or hat thereby.
And ſome for their aduantage, looking
At open windowes to be hooking,
Free purchaſe that way to attaine:
But leaue theſe to another vaine.
It is the Knaue of *Spades* his taske,
Their deedes of darkneſſe to vnmaske:
The Knaue of *Clubs* hath firſt begunne,
And I am next, now he hath done.

His

The Knaue of *Harts*.

His tale of Knaues hath twice beene told:
And he is printed, bought and ſolde,
VVhich made me haſten to the Preſſe,
Leaſt *Dimond* ſhould my place poſſeſſe:
For, he is come with newes like theſe,
And brought much knauerie home from Seas.
Yet ſince that *Clubs* did promiſe make,
That I next him my place ſhould take:
Therefore that credit Ile not leeſe,
How euer *Club* and *Spade* agrees,
In colour blacke, and I all red:
And we alike all foure be bred:
I am the heartieſt Knaue of all,
(Stout-hearted Knaues are counted tall)
To take a purſe, or make a Fray,
Tis we that ſwagger it away.
Then, hollow-hearted Knaues there be,
VVhoſe Inſide, no mans eyes can ſee:
Such as will faune, and ſpeake moſt kinde,
VVhile wholeſome profit they doe finde,
Hard-hearted Knaues there likewiſe are,
That to vndoe men neuer care.
And gripe them with their Diuels clawes,
In all extreames of ſtrickeſt lawes.

The Knaue of *Harts*.

Falſe-hearted Knaues that lies embrace,
And ſweare blacke's white vnto your face:
That to deceiue in what they ſell,
For twelue-pence venter ſoule to hell.
Of theſe and all hearts graceleſſe bad,
Such plentie there is to be had,
That *London* hath no Lane nor Streete,
In which Knaues doe not daily meete:
They pace in *Paules*, as Gallants doe,
They keepe *Exchange* like Marchants to:
At *Weſtminſter* they walke the Hall:
In Tauernes, they doe knocke and call:
In Tradeſ-mens ſhops they daily be:
VVith Punckes, at Playes, you ſhall them ſee:
And (as I am true Knaue of *Harts*)
Some drawne about in leather Carts,
VVith ſuch a kinde of lazie pride
About the Citie ſtreetes they ride
As though they were diſeaſ'd and lame,
Or elſe that *London* were the ſame,
Like *Niniuie* to trauell in,
That three dayes iourny would haue bin:
Such Carting ne'er was ſeene before,
A Coach muſt carry to Church doore.

An

The Knaue of *Harts*.

An Aſſe that's with foure Horſes drawne;
Yea, Miſtreſſe *Eaſie*, to the Pawne
Muſt paſſe vpon two paire of VVheeles,
As though the Poxe were in her heeles:
Shee fearing t'tread vpon the ground:
Such idle pride the Diuell hath found,
For drawing vp and downe the ſtreete,
That God might make them without feete,
Becauſe they paſſe about the Towne,
Like Cripples, carryéd vp and downe:
But leaue this luggage borne about,
Vnto the Scuruy, and the gowte:
And come to Gamſters now a while,
At whom the Knaue of *Harts* doth ſmile,
To ſee what ſhifting trickes be vs'd:
And what poore Guls there are abus'd,
That follow play vnto their coſt,
Till all they get, and earne, be loſt
And then they borrow, ſharke, and ſhift,
In hope of Fortunes better gift,
For to recouer their loſt part,
Striuing againſt the cheaters Art.
Poore fooles that Cards and Ale-houſe ply,
Till all, they get, conſumes thereby:

The

The Knaue of *Harts.*

The Vitlers poaſts all chalck'd with ſcores,
And they turn'd Beggers out of doores.
Their kinde wiues that haue well deſeru'd,
Beate and miſus'd: their children ſtaru'd:
Fie Ralcals, Villaines, drunken Knaues,
Baſe minded, brutiſh, roguiſh ſlaues:
It grieues my hart exceeding much,
VVhen they a paire of Cardes doe touch:
For harmeleſſe ſport we firſt were made,
And men for recreation plaid:
Now each falſe hand, and theeuiſh fiſt
Shuffle and cut vs as they liſt:
And many a Rogue with coos'ning trickes,
From onely Cardes his liuing pickes.

The

The Knaue of *Harts*.

The Knaue of *Harts* his Supplication to Card-makers.

WEe are abuſed in a great degree;
For, there's no Knaues ſo wronged as are wee
By thoſe that chiefely ſhould be our part-takers.
And thus it is my Maiſters, you Card-makers,
All other Knaues are at their owne free-will,
To braue it out, and follow faſhion ſtill
In any cut, according to the time,
But we poore Knaues (I know not for what crime)
Are kept in pie-bald Suites, which we haue worne
Hundred of yeares, this hardly can be borne.
The idle-headed French deuis'd vs firſt,
Who of all faſhion-mongers is the worſt.
For, he doth change farre oftner than the Moone
Diſlikes his morning ſuite in th' after-noone.
The Engliſh is his imitating Ape,
In euery toy the Tailers-ſheares can ſhape,
Come dropping after, as the Diuell entices,
And putteth on the French-mans caſt deuiſes.
Yet wee (with whom thus long they both haue plaid)
Muſt weare the ſuites in which we firſt were made.

The Knaue of Harts.

It is no marueil euery baſe Conſort,
When he hath loſt his money, will report
All ill of vs, and giueth theſe rewards,
A poxe vpon theſe ſcuruy, lowſie Cardes:
How can we chooſe but haue the itching gift,
Kept in one kinde of cloaths, and neuer ſhift?
Or, to be ſcuruie, how can we forbeare,
That neuer yet had ſhirt or band to weare?
How bad I and my fellow Dimond goes,
We neuer yet had Garter to our Hoſe,
Nor any Shooe to put vpon our feete,
With ſuch baſe cloaths, tis e'en a ſhame to ſee't:
My Sleeues are like ſome Morris-dancing fellow,
My Stockings Ideot-like, red, greene and yealow:
My Breeches like a paire of Lute-pins be,
Scarſe Buttocke-roome, as euery man may ſee.
Like three-penie watch-men, three of vs doe ſtand,
Each with a ruſtie Browne-bill in his hand:
And Clubs he holds an Arrow, like a Clowne,
The head-end vpward, and the feathers downe.
Thus we are wrong'd, and thus we are agrieu'd,
And thus long time we haue beene vnrelieu'd.
But, Card-makers, of you, Harts reaſon craues,
Why we ſhould be reſtraind, aboue all Knaues,

To

To weare ſuch patched and diſguis'd attire?
Anſwere but this, of kindneſſe, we require:
Shew vs (I pray) ſome reaſon, how it haps,
That we are euer bound to weare flat-Caps.
As though we had vnto a Cities trade,
Bin Prentiſes, and ſo were free-men made.
Had we blacke Gownes, vpon my life I ſweare,
Many would ſay that we foure Serieants were:
And that would bring Card-play in ſmall requeſt
With Gallants that were fearefull of arreſt:
For, melancholy they would euer be
A Seriants picture in their hands to ſee:
Others that Clubs *and* Spades *apparrell notes,*
Becauſe they both are in ſide-guarded Coates,
Tearme them two Vſurers, villanous rich,
To whom the Diuell is beholden much,
And loues their Trades of getting gold ſo well,
They ſhall be welcome to his flames in Hell.
Others ſay, if we had white Aprons on,
We would be like vnto A non, A non,
VVhat is it Gentlemen you pleaſe to drinke?
And ſome, becauſe we haue no beards, doe thinke
We are foure Panders, with our lowſie lockes,
Whoſe naked Chinnes are ſhauen with the Poxe:

The Knaue of *Harts.*

Diuers opinions there be other ſhowes,
Becauſe we walke in Jerkins and in Hoſe,
Without an vpper Garment, Cloake, or Gowne,
We muſt be Tapſters running vp and downe
With Cannes of Beere, (Malt ſod in fiſhes broth)
And thoſe they ſay are fil'd with Nick *and* Froth.
Other auouch w'are of the ſmoky crew,
A trade that ſtinckes, although it be but new,
Such Fellowes as ſit all the day in ſmother,
And drinke, like Diuels, fire to each other.
Thus are we plaid vpon by each baſe Groome.
Nay, let a paire of Cards lye in a roome,
Where any idle fellow commeth in,
The Knaues hee'll ſingle out, and thus begin;
Here are foure Millers for their honeſt dealing:
Or Tailers, for the gift they haue in ſtealing:
Or Brokers, for their buying things are ſtole:
Or Bakers, for their looking throw a hole:
Or Colliers, for not filling of their Sackes;
Thus we are plaid vpon by ſawcy Iackes.
And therefore if perſwaſions may but winne you,
Good Card-makers, *(if there be any goodnes in you)*
Apparrell vs with more reſpected Care,
Put vs in Hats, our Caps are worne thread-bare,

Let

The Knaue of *Harts.*

Let vs haue ſtanding Collers, in the faſhion:
(All are become a ſtiffe-necke generation)
Roſe Hat-bands, with the ſhagged-ragged-Ruffe:
Great Cabbage-ſhooeſtrings (pray you bigge enough)
French Doublet, and the Spaniſh Hoſe to breech it:
Short Cloakes, like old Mandilions (wee beſeech it)
Exchange our Swords, and take away our Bils,
Let vs haue Rapiers, (knaues loue fight that kils)
Put vs in Bootes, and make vs leather legs,
This Harts *moſt humbly, and his fellowes begs.*

Sixteene ſeuerall ſorts of Knaues,
Marching in order.

A proud Knaue.

(fac'd?

WHat makes this foole think all's by him out-
Is he in rancke with men of worſhip plac'd?
Or, doth ſome wit laid hidden in his Braine,
Breake out, and worke a loftie ſprited vaine?
Or, doth his wealth encreaſe, becauſe we finde
Mony makes fooles moſt diuelliſh proud in mind?
None of all this, your Iudgement wanders wide,
One ſute of cloaths is cauſe of all this pride:
A faſhion that was hatcht ſome weeke agoe,
By *Lucifer* in *Plutoes* Court below,
And ſent from that ſame Prince of darknes there,
As Liuery for his ſonnes on earth to weare,
From others for to know his proud ones by,
This is the cauſe that makes him looke ſo hie,
An Aſſe that knowes not all the cloaths we weare
Againſt our parents fall doe witneſſe beare,
And we that had gone naked, weare the ſame
For puniſhment of ſinne, to couer ſhame:
Foole, thou art like a pardoned thiefe, allow'd
To weare an halter, and of that hee's proud.

A ſhifting Knaue.

HEe that doth want an Office come to me,
Ile raiſe his fortunes to a Knights degree:
Aduance his ſtate, and make him rich in gold,
To checke Inferiours, liuing vncontroul'd.
He ſhall make choiſe of places, pleaſe himſelfe,
Yet I diſdaine to doe this good for pelfe,
I take delight to doe the beſt I can,
To grace my Friend, and pleaſure any man:
Onely their meanes by others muſt be wrought,
VVhich in reſpect are trifles, things of nought:
As, in plaine tearmes, thus much I needs muſt ſay,
There muſt be gifts to make an office way:
Gratuitie, that will be noted downe,
Some piece of Veluet for a Ladyes Gowne,
A thing of nothing; or, a Geldings gift
Vnto a Gentleman, muſt help to lift
The waight of buſineſſe, that it may aſpire.
A ſuite, or ſo, here's all that we require:
Thus fingring money to preferre the caſe,
The office proues not worth the hangmans place.

The Knaue of *Harts*.

A lying Knaue.

SIlence a while, if you will wonders heare,
Here's tongue will tickle any itching eare:
A Linguiſt that diſcourſeth paſſing well,
So full of newes, his braines and browes do ſwell:
He will your admiration entertaine
VVith ſecret things, from *Rome*, from *France* and
Barbary, *Turkey*, *Indies* Eaſt, and VVeſt: (*Spaine*,
He hath all Kingdomes buſineſſe in his breſt. (it,
VVhats done aboue ground, he doth certain know
And on his friends moſt franckly will beſtow it:
For, at your hands, he lookes to be no winner,
Except ſome breakfaſt, if you pleaſe, or dinner.
Or, lend him fortie ſhillings for a weeke,
(VVith trauellers, monie may be to ſeeke)
If you can ſpare him ſuch a trifling ſuinme,
You ſhall haue newes in pawne, til payment come,
And rare inuentions that were neuer found,
Shall yeeld the Author many a thouſand pound:
This Trade the Diuell did for's ſonnes deuiſe,
To picke a liuing out of damned lyes.

The Knaue of Harts.

A roaring Knaue.

THis Gentleman, with Ores hath paſt the riuer,
And very pockey newes he can deliuer:
From Lambeth-Marſh he newly is tranſported,
Where he hath beene moſt filthily conforted
With ſuch hot ſprited fiery feminine,
That heate him more then vnderneath the line.
Burnt wine, ſtew'd Prunes, a Puncke to ſolace him,
Seru'd thus, he cares not who doth ſinck or ſwim,
Onely his buſineſſe is at comming backe,
To ſeeke a Surgeon, purging he doth lacke,
Feeling his body ſomething out of quier,
He muſt goe ſweat vpon't, and take the dyet:
But, to his griefe, this woefull ſpeech he heares,
He is be-peper'd ouer head and eares:
And howſoeuer it may ſeeme diſgrace,
The poxe will pull away his Beard from's face:
Nay, after that his chinne hath loſt his pride,
T'will put him to a Periwigge beſide:
But now he vowes whores bargaines very bare;
For he hath try'd and found it to a haire.

The Knaue of *Harts.*

A diſſembling Knaue.

ILe ſhew you good, the beſt in towne, aſſure you
Better (in truth) mony cannot procure you:
Indeed and verily, were you my brother;
Take it vpon my word, before another:
Beleeue me, it is for your turne, in ſadneſſe;
I haue ſolde dearer hath beene worſe in badneſſe;
By yea and nay, this is no fault you finde:
Verely ſir, twill weare, to pleaſe your minde.
Now certainely, this is my loweſt price:
Indeed, indeed, I ſell not one thing twice:
Now as I liue, I cannot ſell it ſo,
Surely, you will not match it, if you goe:
Take it, and pay as you doe finde it proue.
Nay, at a word, I needes muſt haue aboue.
If that I loſe not twelue-pence in it, than
Aſſuredly, I am no honeſt man.
Beleeue him now, though all the reſt be lyes:
For, after that the party's gone that buyes,
He comes to's partner, ſits him laughing downe,
And ſayes, by this hard Foole, I got a crowne.

The Knaue of *Harts.*

An hypocriticall Knaue.

THis villaine turnes an out-ſide, ſad for ſinne,
And bids his heart be careleſſe, glad within:
His prayers at Church haue fained ſighs between,
And ſtill he ſits, where he may beſt be ſeene:
VVhen he doth giue an almes in *Ieſus* Name,
He lookes about to ſee who ſees the ſame:
For Prayer, or deedes of Chriſtian Charitie,
He alwayes ſeekes to haue ſome witneſſe by,
Belike he hath ſome doubt in minde, proceedes,
Leſt God denie that he hath done good deedes:
He more abhorres not to vncouer's head,
Hearing the name of *Ieſus* vttered,
Then ſweare by God, and take his name in vaine,
Yea, ſight of Surpleſſe he doth more diſdaine,
Than to be taken in his neighbours bed.
He like a Bull-ruſh can hang downe his head,
And ſighing, ſay, his youth his God offended,
When neuer worſe, moſt cauſe now to be mended.
To make faire outward ſhow, ther's no man boul-
Yet all he doth meere couſens the beholder. (der,

A drunken Knaue.

BOy y'are a villaine, didſt thou fill this Sacke?
Tis flat you Raſcall, thou haſt plaid the lacke,
Bring in a quart of Maligo, right true:
And looke, you Rogue, that it be *Pee* and *Kew*.
Some good Tobacco, quickly, and a light:
Sirrha: this ſame was mingled yeſternight.
VVhat Pipes are theſe? now take them broken, vp,
Another Bowle, I doe not like this Cup.
You ſlaue, what linnen haſt thou brought vs here?
Fill me a Beaker, looke it be good Beere.
VVhat Claret's this? the very worſt in towne;
Your Tauerne-buſh deſerues a pulling downe.
Boy, bring good wine, when men of iudgement call,
Or Ile ſend pots & cups againſt your wals.
Fiue qualities to wine there doth belong,
Coole, dauncing, fragrant, beautifull, and ſtrong:
Thus Ile be ſeru'd, neate, briske, without a daſh,
Or, Ile not pay a penny for your traſh.
By this, his braines, *coole*, *fragrant*, *beauty*, feeles,
And *ſtrong*, and *dauncing*, trip vp both his heeles.

A ſwearing Knaue.

WHat God commands, this wretched creature (ſlothes,
And neuer names his Maker but by othes:
And weares a tongue of ſuch a damned faſhion,
That ſwearing is his onely recreation:
In morning, euen as ſoone as he doth riſe,
He ſweares that ſleepe is ſcarcely out his eyes:
Then makes him ready, ſwearing all the while,
The drowſie weather did him much beguile.
Got ready, he to Dice, or Tables goes,
Swearing by God at euery caſt he throwes.
To dinner next, and then (in ſtead of grace)
He ſweares his ſtomacke is in hungry caſe.
No ſooner din'd, but cals; *Come, take away,*
And ſweares, tis late, hee muſt goe ſee a Play:
There ſits and ſweares to all he heares and ſees;
That Speech is good, that Action diſagrees.
So takes his Oares, & ſweares, he muſt make haſt,
His houre of Supper-time is almoſt paſt.
You neuer haue his tongue from ſwearing free,
Vnleſſe in's mouth Tobacco-pipe there be.

The Knaue of *Harts.*

A theeuing Knaue.

THis Gentleman hath neyther house nor land,
Nor any trade of life, but bidding *Stand.*
Stay quarter-day, he neuer can abide,
But takes vp rent vpon the High-way side.
Deliuer him your Purse, or else you dye:
His fearefull enemie is *Hue* and *Cry*,
VVhich at the heeles so hants his frighted ghost,
That he at last, in foot-mans Inne must host.
Some Castle dolorets compos'd of stone:
Like (let me see) *Newgate* is such a one.
There he denies, forsweares, with execration,
Renouncing heauen, and wishing for damnation
If euer he entended such a deede,
Or in his heart, so base a thought could breede;
But when his actions once are truely try'd,
And Iustice comes the matter to decide,
He is committed to the Hang-mans hand,
VVho charmes his tongue for euer bidding *stand:*
In Tiburne-text his *Epitaph* then be:
I, others rob'd; the Hang-man rifled mee.

A ſlothfull Knaue.

I VVretch in want, and woe, doe pine and lacke,
A ſuite of ragges and tatters on my backe,
VVherein the itching Vermine doe abound,
Is all my wealth; and yet my limbes be ſound;
No ſickneſſe, nor defect in any part:
But I deteſt all labour with my heart,
With worke and taking paines I will not deale,
Ile rather begge; yea, play the theefe and ſteale,
Before Ile put my body in a ſweate,
And make my hands the earners of my meate.
I make my account, food is of natures giuing:
And that the world is bound to finde me liuing:
And therefore till that *Death* doe intercept,
Now we are borne, we muſt, and will be kept.
Doth not experience teach in theſe our dayes,
A man muſt be beholding many wayes
To wealthy Churles, that licke the Kingdoms fat,
And begge for worke? Friends I will none of that:
I neuer was ſo farre in loue with moyling,
To begge, or ſteale, curs off much pains & toiling.

A base Knaue.

TO entermedle with anothers state,
And set good friends and neighbors at debate,
To carry tales, and false vntruths about,
VVhereby contentions grow, and fallings out:
To sooth a man, to heare how hee's inclin'd,
And then acquaint another with his minde.
To finde out faults by euery one he knowes:
And any secret, falsely to disclose.
That is the taske, this Rascall takes in hand,
Affaires of other men to vnderstand:
His owne particular he doth neglect,
And that concernes him not, doth most respect,
VVith he, and she, & that, and this mans dealing,
He alwayes hath some matter in reuealing.
Knowes how his neighbours & their wiues agree,
Can tell how rich vnto a Groat they be,
VVhat gains they haue by that they deale withall,
And how their states in wealth doe rise or fall.
But that this Villaine shall be hang'd in hell,
He neuer boasts, although he knows it well.

The Knaue of *Harts.*

A prophane Knaue.

SIr, ſaue your labour, ſpend no breath in vaine,
Keepe your Inſtructions, they ſmell Puritane:
If that your niceneſſe can abide no Ieſt,
You may refraine, we hold your abſence beſt.
You muſt not teach Good-fellowes what to doe:
VVe can ſerue God, and yet be merry too:
Here's better men by ods, then thou in place,
Can dine and ſuppe, without your ſaying Grace.
My father was foure-ſcore before he dide,
Faire Gameſter, and a good conſort beſide;
Belou'd amongſt his neighbours (where he dwelt)
Yet of the Puritane he neuer ſmelt.
VVhen he had gueſts with ſtomacks to their meat,
His grace was this; *Welcome, my maſters, eate;*
I pray fall too, and let few words ſuffice:
And neuer taught his children otherwiſe:
So (for my part) I follow that rule ſtill,
Giue me good victuals, and ſay grace who will;
It cauſeth hunger in my guts a-breeding, (ding.
And keepes them faſting, that would faine be fee-

The Knaue of *Harts.*

A prodigall Knaue.

(Prodigall,

BRaue houſe, braue cloaths, braue cheere, braue
Braue foole, braue eu'ry thing, braue whores &
Are for this Gallant, all his care is growne (all
How he may ſpend his mony, to be knowne.
Along the ſtreetes, as he doth ietting paſſe,
His out-ſide ſhowes him, for an inward Aſſe,
In a *Tobacco-ſhop* (reſembling hell,
Fire, ſtinck, & ſmoake muſt be where diuels dwell)
He ſits, you cannot ſee his face for vapour,
Offring to *Pluto* with a tallow Taper:
In Tauernes, with his drunken fellow ſinners,
He paies the bill of all their *Bacchus* dinners.
And there in bowles of wine, he onely ioyes, —
Conſorted thus, VVhores, Fidlers, Roring-boyes:
But note him now, and leaue him at the beſt;
Beſt, ſaid I? then the Diuell's an honeſt gueſt.
Paſt the Meridian, now his Sunne declines,
And in the ſtead of French and Spaniſh wines,
Betakes himſelfe to Engliſh Bere and Ale,
Sels all his Land, dies in ſome dolefull Iayle.

The Knaue of *Harts.*

An ingratefull Knaue.

EXtend thy loue in all humilitie,
Let bountie ioyne with liberalitie:
Lend, giue, forgiue, ſpend, and conſume thy ſtate;
Nay, if thy life, this wretch will be ingrate,
Though thou in nothing, he demands, denie him.
He thinks all's debt, & thou art bound to pay him.
Thy houſe, thy goods, thy purſe, thy bond, thy bill.
Ingratitude remaines a monſter ſtill.
But doe not wonder at this Beaſt ſo much,
That towards men he euer proueth ſuch,
VVho are but earthly mortals, euen, as hee:
For, to the God of heauen, thus hee'll be.
All gifts and bleſſings the Almighty giues:
Directly like the ſwiniſh Hogge he liues,
That feeds on fruit which from the tree doth fall,
But vpwards, whence it comes, ne'er lookes at all:
Receiues his meat euen like the Horſe and Mule,
The Oxe, and Aſſe, that haue not reaſons rule.
Heauen hates this wretch, on earth good men ab-
Hel & damnation is prepared for him. (hor him,

The Knaue of *Harts.*

A couetous Knaue.

THis ſonne of *Mammon*, monies curſed ſlaue,
wil part with nothing,& would all things haue
Houſe,land,leaſe,ſhipping,cattell,field and wood,
By any meanes, his conſcience is ſo good.
Tell him of heauen and celeſtiall things,
Of hell, that horror, woe,and torment brings
Of Iudgement, where all ſinners muſt appeare,
Of Death,that giues nor day, nor houre,nor yeer.
He lookes as though he vnderſtands you not:
And ſayes: there's little mony to be got:
Tis a dead world, no ſtirring, he hath croſſes:
Rehearſeth vp a bead-rowle of his loſſes:
And ſighes,as thogh his hart would break within,
And ſwearing ſayes; VVhat villaine I haue bin
To credit knaues, that haue deceiu'd me ſo?
But from this houre Ile ne'er truſt friend nor foe:
Come Father,Brother, Vncle,Cooſen, Friend,
Ile ſweare I made a vow, I will not lend
To any breathes aliue, nor will be drawne
To lend a penny, but on two-pence pawne.

The Knaue of *Harts.*

An enuious Knaue.

THou that vpon my picture here doſt looke,
I grieue thou haſt a groate to buy this Booke:
If any leſt be here to make thee ſmile,
I raging raue, with fury all the while.
I hate the *Printer* if he haue done well,
And *Stationer*, that doth theſe humours ſell:
In briefe, I am in loue with none aliue:
And might I haue my wiſhes, none ſhould thriue.
On others miſeries and woes, I feede,
I neuer ſmile but at ſome wicked deede.
Loſſes on Land, and caſualties at Seas,
My recreation doth conſiſt in theſe:
I can ſhow paſſion with an outward voyce
For villanies, which make my heart reioyce:
I feede on euils, they are my nutriment;
My neighbours welfare is my diſcontent,
At that I pine, in a conſumption ſtill:
I would haue no man proſper by my will:
My carkaſſe leane, dry, wither'd, pale and wanne,
A very Diuell in the ſhape of Man.

The Knaue of *Harts*.

Beggery embraceth Whoredome.

OH, what a gallant Punck haue I knowne *Grace*?
(thogh gracious deed ſhe neuer wold embrace)
Her cuſtomes great, her ornaments excelling:
A famous Baudy-houſe her antient dwelling.
Her faſhions rare, and of the Diuels beſt,
His owne choiſe whore could goe no brauer dreſt.
Her trappings from the toe vnto the top,
Might furniſh out an Exchange-mercers Shoppe:
A leather Cart to iowlt and ſhake her in,
(Hauing with carting well acquainted bin)
Her ſwagg'ring Gallants that through *Cupids* itch,
Haue haunted her as Dogs doe haunt a Bitch.
Yet all is chang'd, there is great alteration,
Shee is as ſtale as Breech with Cod-piece faſhion,
VVhereof no Tailor can auouch the troth,
VVithout he proue it with old painted cloth.
This ruffling *Grace* (or rather, Graceleſſe ruffler,
Is now from cutting turn'd a needy ſhuffler:
Yea, this ſame ſilken, golden, cyuit VVhore,
Is roguiſh ragged, and moſt pockey poore

The Knaue of *Harts.*

A Guls fray.

SIrrha thou knowſt me, doſt thou not?
Thou moſt inferiour to a ſot,
At ſuch a time, in ſuch a place,
Thy breath my perſon did diſgrace,
And *Mars* hath croſt me in my vow,
Till by good hap, I ceaze thee now.
Draw, if thou haſt a heart to draw;
VVith Rapier points wee'll goe to law.
T'other turn'd vp his hat before,
And laying hand on's weapon, ſwore,
His choler was extreamely heate,
His hart ſwolne wondrous big and great,
His fury euen *Orlando*-like,
More bold then *Hercules* to ſtrike:
But (quoth he) if thou think'ſt it good,
VVeell reaſon in the coole of blood,
VVe haue beene friends God knowes how long,
I can put vp a greater wrong
Then this comes to. Faith ſo can I,
The other Swagg'rer did reply:
Thinke but on *Peter Lamberts* ſwing,
And killing men's a ſcuruy thing.

Epigram.

The Knaue of *Harts.*

Epigram.

A Rich plain Clowne, hauing a Knight to's Son,
That into ſome arrerages was runne,
Intreates his Father for his knighthoods ſake.
Some mony-means, to help him, he would make:
For, pouertie ſo neare him did approach,
He muſt goe ſell his Horſes, pawne his Coach.
Nay, God forbid, qd. good-man *Grunt* his Father,
Ile zell the Cloſe behind my barne (zonne) rather:
I hope (my childe) a wiſer Knight thou art,
Then zell my daughter Madames Cart.
Come, come, my zonne, Ile zell a piece of land:
So to the ſale when he ſhould ſet his hand,
His Sonne ſayes, father, you your ſelfe muſt write
A Gentleman; becauſe your Sonne's a Knight.
VVell zon (quoth he) Ile write as you would haue,
But when my mony for this ground I gaue
I was a Yeoman, zo the VVritings zay:
Now Gentleman, I zell the ſame away.
If Gentlemen zell land, and yeomen buy,
Zonne Knight, a Yeoman let me liue and die.

A cenſure of Gun-ſhot.

WHen *Archidamus* did behold with wonder,
Mans imitation of *Ioues* dreadfull Thunder:
The fire firſt, preſenting lightnings flame,
A fearefull ſound to ouer-take the ſame:
The ſwarty Vapor like to *Phlegeton*,
Or ſtincking Sulphure out of *Acheron*:
The roring Cannon, from whoſe lips of braſſe,
The fatall meſſenger of *Death* did paſſe:
An iron ball, wrapt round about with fire:
He thus concludes his cenſure with admire,
O *Hercules*, mans valour and his might,
Proweſſe and ſtrength, are all extinguiſh'd quite!
Here is deſtructions-monſter, ſent from Hell,
(The *Diuels* engine) manly force farewell.

The Knaue of *Harts.*

True Valour.

A VVorthy Captaine, foe to coward kinde,
Moſt reſolute in action, firme in minde:
That by the ſword was carued full of ſcarres,
And by the Bullet loſt a legge in warres,
Retiring from the field to cure his paine,
VVould with a wooden legge, goe fight againe.
His friends perſwaſions would his mind reclaim,
Obiecting he was impotent and lame,
Vnfit for fight, being his ſtate was ſuch.
But he reply'd you are deceiued much:
I ſhall be ſure to ſtand my ground and ſtay,
VVhen they that haue their legges may run away.
My nimble heeles will neuer take their flight,
But beare my body, while the hands doe fight.
This wooden legge will hold me to it ſound,
It is a Souldiers praiſe to keepe his ground.

Craft

The Knaue of *Harts.*

Craft beguiles Subtiltie.

A Mornings draught one was enioyn'd
For to allow his wife,
Condition'd in her widdow-hood:
And to auoide all ſtrife
Kept couenant, vnwilling tho:
For, euery day a cup
Muſt be prepar'd of Muſcadine,
Againſt her riſing vp,
And that ſhe emptied all alone,
(Her husband had no ſhare,)
Telling him, ſhee great reaſon had,
To ſee the bottome bare:
Becauſe there was a Crucifixe
Grauen within the bowle:
And to behold that Image, was
A comfort to her Soule.
He, hearing this, taketh the Cuppe,
And to a Gold-ſmith goes,
VVilling him race that picture out,
And in the ſtead, beſtowes

The Knaue of *Harts.*

The domge of a Diuels face,
VVith hornes moſt largely fraught,
Conueying it in place againe,
To ſerue the mornings draught.
His wife next day doth take the ſame,
According to her vſe:
And filling out the wine therein,
Perceiuing the abuſe,
Smiles to her ſelfe, then drinkes it of,
And fils it out againe,
And that ſhe turneth likewiſe downe,
In a carowſing vaine.
Hold wife (quoth he) you drinke too deepe,
Your lowance you exceed:
You ſee no Sauiours picture now,
And therefore pray take heed.
I know it very well (ſaid ſhe)
My husband, thinke not ſtrange:
My Cup hath alter'd faſhion now,
And that doth make me change.
In place of Chriſt, I doe behold
A Diuell ſterne and grim,
VVhich makes me drinke a double draught,
Euen in deſpight of him.

Sure

The Knaue of *Harts*.

Sure, wife (quoth he) I like not this:
The picture ſhall be mended:
For, if you ſpite the Diuell thus,
My purſe will be offended.

Fortunes floud hath an ebbe.

THou lately great, with thy great Lord in grace:
that couldſt prefer the mean, aduance the baſe:
Doe good to him whoſe goodnes thou didſt feele,
In Fortunes fauour, turning Fortunes-wheele,
Muſt now thy ſelfe from former height diſmount,
And be with all men in no more account
Then figures which *Arithmeticians* make:
To which they adde, & from the which they take:
That which was twentie thouſand euen now,
Is preſent counted noughts, and ſo art thou.

A bad excuſe better then none at all.

TVVo luſty wraſtlers did contend by ſtrength,
To winne a wager, and the one at length,

The Knaue of *Harts.*

Caught t'other by the necke, and held him ſo,
That to the ground he was at poynt to goe:
VVith that he put his teeth in t'others ſide,
And bit ſo grieuouſly, that out he cride,
Doſt play the dogge thou villaine? ſhame requite
No ſlaue (quoth he) I like a Lyon bite thee. (thee.

Simple in Show, may be Subtle in Conceit.

VVHen Englands fift King *Henry* of that name
At *Agincourt* did winne immortall fame:
And Fortune with her ſmiles auſpicious,
Grac'd *Engliſh* with the day victorious:
A funerall Oration one did make,
And of dead *French-mens* valours highly ſpake:
Which a blunt Souldier hearing, ſeru'd our King,
Pray ſir (quoth he) let me demand one thing:
You doe extoll them wondrouſly, are ſlaine;
And ſaid, their honour endleſſe ſhall remaine,
Tho they are dead, you ſay; their fame doth liue,
And yeeld them all good words a tongue can giue;
But if they merit this being dead: pray then
What deſerue we, haue ſlaine thoſe valiant men?

Mony

The Knaue of *Harts*.

Mony marryeth Mony.

A Wretch that neither hop'd for heauen,
Nor ſtood in feare of hell:
Whoſe onely loue was in his cheſt,
Where bagges of Gold did dweil:
Had ſhar'd ſo oft in Widdowes wealths
Had got the goods of fiue,
And went a wooing to the ſixt,
(which ſixt he meant to wiue)
Could number Husbands to his wiues,
Hauing as oft beene wed:
Theſe rotten carrions both agree,
To make one ſtincking bed:
And being marryed, each of other
Had a iealous doubt,
Which might be luckie for to liue,
And weare the other out.
I feare (quoth mother *Mumſimus*)
The Drudge will bury me:
I dread (quoth her *Curmudgion*)
This Trot mine end will ſee.
Me thinkes ſhee's luſtier now,
Then long agoe ſhe was:
I haue had lucke to bury fiue,
And turne them out to graſſe:
And it would grieue my heart and ſoule,
To giue this old queane ground,
My leaſes, plate, my pawnes, my bonds,
And many a thouſand pound,

All

All this to ſtop her mouth withall:
(for I no kindred haue)
Would make ſome Counteſſe of my Wife,
If I were once in graue.
Ile ſee her hangd: take better hold,
Old *Iohn*, and neuer doubt,
A Poxe vpon the Doctors:
If they could but cure the gowte:
Set in new teeth, and mend mine eares,
And help me with ſome ſight:
Prouide a medicine for my backe,
To make me goe vpright:
Cure this ſame Colique and the Stone,
And make theſe armes but ſtrong:
Why, I ſhould be a luſty youth:
And liue, God knowes how long.
She on the other ſide conferres
And with her ſelfe debates:
Oh what a luſtie wench were I
To haue the ſixe eſtates
Of monſtrous miſers ioyn'd in one;
And I a widdow free:
He ſhould not be a little Lord,
That next ſhould marry me:
No, I would haue ſome mighty man:
Or I would neuer match,
If Death would vſe this Husband,
Like the fiue he did diſpatch.
I finde my heart exceeding ſound,
and ſubiect to no paine,

The Knaue of *Harts.*

I would weare another body out,
Were I a Girle againe.
Onely my flesh is not so plumpe
As it tofore hath bin:
Beauty is gone, why fare-well it:
A Faces-breadth of skinne:
If I could get a medicine for
The Rhume offends mine eyes,
And help for the *Scuthies*,
That so torments my thighes.
The Cough that nightly breakes my sleepe,
The Crampe that makes me tumble:
The winde within my pudding-house,
That makes my guts to rumble.
The aches that are in my backe,
And bid me still Good-morrow:
And shake the shaking-Palsie off,
I would shake off all sorrow.
Thus with these wretches hopelesse things,
And cure where hope is past:
He longing to out-liue his Wife,
She trusting to dye last.
Till Death takes order with them both,
Whom long they did incense,
Giues each a stab to dye withall,
And takes them both from hence:
Vnto their bellies and their backes
Each dide an extreame debter:
The world did wrangle for their wealth,
And Lawyers fared the better.

The Knaue of *Harts*.

Two Cony-catchers gull the third.

Shift and his Fellow, met with *Sharke* their Friend,
Whom many a day they had not ſeene before:
And complement moſt large they did extend.
No man but *Shark* muſt taſte their wine, they ſwore,
To giue and take he gaue them his conſent,
So to the Tauerne theſe three Raſcals went.

Being ſet, they ſet vpon him with the wine,
And in full cups of Sacke his braines ſo ſteepe,
That *Sharke* became as drunke as any ſwine:
And like a beaſt, layes him along to ſleepe,
While theſe two Shifters, thus deuiſe a plot,
To make their fellow Drunkard pay the ſhot.

They call for Tables, and beginne to play:
And preſently they put the candle out;
Then waking him, in ſwaggring thus did ſay;
Pray iudge this caſt that we contend about.
A caſt (quoth he) why, ſure you haue no light,
Or, in Gods Iudgement, I haue loſt my ſight.

Art druncke ſtill Foole? (quoth one) and throwes the Dice,
Then names his chance; and ſayes, This man is blinde.
Ah, ſirs (quoth he) ceaſe, ceaſe your wicked vice;
For drunkenneſſe, I wretch am ſtrucken blinde:
Giue ouer play, and call ſome body in.
Oh ſtrange (quoth they) the like hath neuer bin!

Sit

The Knaue of *Harts.*

Sit ſtill, wee'll fetch ſome in to ſée this wonder,
So out of doores they ſpeedy paſſage tooke:
And ſeuerall wayes diſperſt themſelues a ſunder.
At length the Drawer in the roome did looke,
Miſſing the candle, went and fetch'd a light,
Thankes be to God (quoth *Sharke*) I haue my ſighe.

Your ſight (ſaid he) why, where's your friends become?
Here is ſixe ſhillings for your ſelfe to pay,
I muſt haue feeling of a French crowne ſumme,
Before from hence you ſhall depart away.
Well Rogues (quoth he) the Hang-man quite your kindnes,
For this ſixe ſhillings, which I pay for blindneſſe.

The Picture of a cleanly Cooke.

A Labʳring man of honeſt painefull life,
That had (as many haue) a lazie wife,
From head to foote iuſt of the ſtature ſize,
Came home at noone his hunger to ſuffice,
Looking what dyet his kinde wife did keepe:
Iuſt where he left her, found her faſt aſleepe:
So he entreates her riſe and giue him meate.
Husband (quoth ſhe) my drowſineſſe is great:
But pree thee man, goe downe, and get a fire;
Reach me my ſtockings, and my other tire:
I will come ſtraight, and heate a meſſe of broth,
So yawnes, and ſtretches; then ariſeth ſloth.
Comes downe, hangs on the pot, which being heat,
Mew, cries the Cat, (being in a porredge ſweat)

She takes her out, ſtrokes off the ſpoone meate cleere,
And ſayes, poore Puſſe, alas, how cam'ſt thou here?
Come Husband, take a ſpoone, and eate, I pray:
Twere pitty caſt a drop of this away.
What a rare Cat (ſweet hart) haue we two got,
That ſeekes for Miſe euen in the Porredge-pot.
Nay wife (quoth he) thou maiſt be wonder'd at,
For making Porredge of a perboild Cat.

Y'are deceiu'd in me Sir.

A Boored Swagg'rer ſharking vp and downe,
Met in his walke a ſilly horſe-man Clowne,
That nodding rid vpon a curtall-lade:
To whom ſir Shagge in ſcoffing faſhion ſaid;
What ſhall I giue thee (fellow) for a foote
Of thy Horſe-tayle? the Clowne that liſtned too't,
Drew backe, and got the ſtumpe into his hand,
Saying, pray ſir, what is't you doe demand?
Marry (quoth he) I aske what thou wilt take
For thy Horſe-taile, and price by foote to make.
The Country-fellow holding vp the ſtumpe,
Sayes; Sir, a match; and if you pleaſe, wee'll iumpe:
Becauſe wee two did neuer buy and ſell,
Come in the ſhoppe here, and Ile vſe you well.

The Knaue of *Harts.*

A ſhee-ſwaggerer, of the Shrewes faſhion.

THou roguiſh Slaue, where haſt thou ſtaid ſo long?
To bring no anſwere home till Candle-light.
In ſadneſſe Wife, you doe your Husband wrong:
For I haue made the greateſt haſt I might.
Raſcall, thou lyeſt, what haſt thou beene about?
Tell me the truth, or I will beate it out.

Wife, hold your hand, and do but heare me ſpeake,
You ſent me to the Doctors with your piſſe,
And by the way, the Vrinall did breake,
So euer ſince I haue beene buying this:
And here's another, pray you leake againe,
And Ile to morrow, take ſome further paine.

Out filthy villaine, haſt thou ſeru'd me ſo?
Shall I want Doctors Phyſicke when I ſend?
My inward griefe (baſe Gull) thou doſt not know,
Pray Wife, haue patience, if I did offend:
I haue beene at the Tailers for your Gowne:
Your hat cannot be alter'd in the crowne.

Raſcall doſt thou appe me in the mouth with Tailer:
And tell'ſt thou me of Haberdaſhers ware?
I will not ſtand to be eſteem'd a railer:
Defend your Pate, your Coxcombe Ile not ſpare:
As I to day want Phyſicke to my ſorrow,
Goe ſeeke a Surgeon for thy ſelfe to morrow.

The Knaue of *Harts.*

Epigram.

THey say, *The better day, the better deede:*
Sellman sayes no, who with the Diuell decreed,
Vpon the day of *Christs Natiuitie*,
In the Kings Chappell, to commit Fel'onie.
Oh daring wretch, so spent of heauenly grace,
To steale at such a time, in such a place:
Too true thy name and deedes alike haue bin,
Thou wast a Sell-man of thy selfe to sinne.

Epigram.

WHen this Picke-pocket, suffer'd vitall losse,
Betweene the Court-gate hang'd, & Charing-crosse:
One of his Fellowes (for the diuing trickes)
At th'execution place a pocket pickes:
One in the Church where God is honour'd chiefe;
Another at the Gallowes playes the thiefe.
What can diuert such wretches from their euill,
That feare not God, the Hang-man, nor the Diuell?

Epigram.

The Knaue of *Harts*.

Epigram.

BLadud (a Britiſh King) would play the foole,
And flye (like *Dedalus*) without controule:
But while he thought *Ioues* Princely bird to checke,
His Feathers gaue him leaue to breake his necke.
A *German* (called *Peter Stumpe*) by charme
Of an inchanted Girdle, did much harme,
Tranſform'd himſelfe into a Wolfeiſh ſhape,
And in a wood did many yeeres eſcape
The hand of Iuſtice, till the Hang-man met him,
And from a Wolfe, did with an halter fet him:
Thus counterfaiting ſhapes haue had ill lucke,
Witneſſe *Acteon* when he plaid the Bucke.
And now of late, but bad ſucceſſe I heare,
To an vnfortunate two-legged *Beare*,
Who though indeede he did deſerue no ill,
Some Butchers (playing Dogs) did well-nye kill:
Belike they did reuenge vpon him take,
For *Hunckes* and *Stone*, and *Paris-gardens* ſake,
With all the kindred of their friend old *Harry*:
But ſhould the *Fortune-Beare*, by death miſſe-carry,
I cannot ſee, but (by the Lawes conſent)
The Butchers would at Tyburne keepe their lent.

Epilogue.

Epilogue.

THus Hart to Dimond yeelds his place,
Who is the next muſt ſhow his face,
With water-newes of ſpeciall note,
From Argoſie to Scullers-Boate,
He hath much matter to relate
Of Pirates, and Sea-rouers ſtate;
What villanies are wrought by Knaues,
Vpon God Neptunes ſwelling waues.
Of eu'ry Nation, he knowes, ſome
Will play the theeues, vntill they come
To ſuch an end as my laſt line
Concludes withall, the Hempen-twine.
For, though Pyrates exempted be
From fatall Tyburnes wither'd Tree,
They haue an Harbour to arriue,
Call'd Wapping, where as ill they thriue
As thoſe that ride vp Holbourne-hill,
And at the Gallowes make their Will.
Farewell, farewell, in haſt adue,
The Cardes wants Harts to make them true.

FINIS.

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